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THE HOUSE ON W. 14TH STREET





The West 114th Street project is being carried out by the New York City Rent and Rehabilitation Administration.

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THE HOUSE ON W. 114th STREET



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THE HOUSE ON
WEST 114TH STREET

This is the story of one family using the opportunities that come with a renewed home. Their experience should be an inspiration to all who are working to rebuild America's cities. The problems of families living in poverty—lack of job skills, inadequate education, poor health, juvenile delinquency—are matters of the most serious national concern. Hope of alleviating these problems comes nearer to reality for many of these people as the Nation undertakes the task of rehabilitating its existing supply of housing.

Robert C. Weaver
Secretary

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THE house AND ITS PEOPLE

On May 24, 1966, a pleasant spring morning in New York, the James Mangum family moved. The distance was short—three doors up the block—from 257 West 114th Street, between 7th and 8th Avenues, to No. 263. But in the way of life about to be opened up, Mr. and Mrs. Mangum and their seven children had accomplished a leap in time.

This is their story. It is also the story of how combined Federal-city-private action is helping families hemmed in by the ghetto emerge to enjoy the benefits of our competitive society.

Two years earlier, both the old building in which the Mangums had lived and the one to which they moved—like many others on the north and south sides of the street—were decaying hulks of broken plaster, rotting garbage, and leaky pipes. The plumbing at No. 263 was so bad that, for days, the tenants' only source of

water was the fireplug on the street.

"At 257 the bathroom was worst of all," said Mrs. Mangum. "No matter how I scrubbed, the cement floor smelled . . . and it was right next to the kitchen, too."

Two years earlier, Mrs. Mangum's world was focused within the four dark walls of her flat. Removed and withdrawn from the ferment of Harlem's slum streets, she spoke up for her rights only when the welfare of her family was concerned. Poverty and her seemingly powerless status as a member of a minority group limited the natural instincts of a warm, gregarious, and assertive human being.

Now, a dramatic experiment in rehabilitation—human as well as structural—has helped her improve her home and broaden her outlook. Both Nos. 257 and 263, along with all their neighboring buildings on the north side of the block, are cheery, modern apartment houses. Before the end of 1969 the south

side will be similarly renewed. With few exceptions, the tenants who lived on the block in 1964 live there still. They are paying higher rents for their better housing—but getting far more for their money than before. Not only are the interiors modernized but the litter-strewn backyards are being converted to children's playgrounds or outdoor living space for adults.

The old "damp and danky" basements were cleaned up. Twenty-two of these basements are now available for the neighborhood gatherings and social services responsible for Mrs. Mangum's changing attitudes toward herself, her family, and her life.

"People on this block feel different about themselves now," explains one of Mrs. Mangum's neighbors. "At last something has been done."

The world of James Mangum is very small—it's a place of not enough. In his world, the fight to stay off public welfare is a way of life. So far, he is winning. As an earner he is well above the annual three thousand dollars or so that marks the poverty line. Still, he makes less than the average American.

Mr. Mangum is a city man who dwells in a place called Harlem. He came there by choice because it seemed a better place to go. There was no way of knowing that choice for him was a one-time thing.

Harlem seems old. Harlem seems tired. Harlem is a classic example of everything that goes wrong with a city. Deteriorating buildings, and no seeming way to stem the tide of not enough, have impinged themselves with devastating effect upon the hearts and minds of James Mangum and his neighbors.

He is poorer than most, but better off than some. For him there is a light at the end of the tunnel, albeit a very long tunnel. Hope gives a man dignity, and James Mangum has some of one and a lot of the other.





Dorothy Mangum shares this world where living is measured in terms of survival. As her husband meets the challenges of the day, she remains behind to fight the endless skirmishes of daily living. James Mangum is concerned with solving the problem of not enough; meanwhile, she must practice its art in a hundred ways. The delicate balance between living and survival is in her hands. She has no room for failure.

Dorothy Mangum's life is not easy, as any mother of seven will attest. This is to be expected—the caring, the feeding, the clothing; the long hours piled day upon endless day. But in the world of not enough the pressures, the pain, the fears are real and intensified. One choice of escape hovers close—too close for comfort—in apathy and despair; the temptation is there to shift responsibility.

But under Dorothy Mangum's soft, womanly exterior lies a toughness of spirit that, too, is reinforced with hope.



“The Mangums’ hope is their future,” is an apt caption—as far as it goes. With seven reasons why the future can be better, Dorothy and James Mangum live with that. Hope lies with the children. They’ve taken some steps along the way, but too much needs doing before they can ever relax. The small circumstance that improved their lives is fragile, even though it points to better things. It is the street that concerns them most—that and the threats it holds. As a family unit, they’ve come up in the world; but the outside keeps pushing in.

From this elevation the block where the Mangums live seems benign. There is no indication that over 1,200 people live here. Nothing seems amiss or hints at problems, but we listen to the words of one tenant who said of the past, “It’s a block where the government turned its back—where the kids grew up laughing at the law.”





Upon closer examination the drabness and dinginess of the block become apparent. The automobile, never a true indicator of individual economic status, is ever present. (The Mangums don't own one.) Rehabilitation work on some of the buildings on 114th Street has helped upgrade the neighborhood.

But around the corner—on 8th Avenue—the Mangums' definition of street becomes obvious.

narcotics

THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S WORST PROBLEM

Asked what the block's worst social problem was before rehabilitation, one mother stated, "Junkies." Other residents agree. Police records confirm the residents' impression that outsiders caused the narcotics problem.

In the cellars and dark hallways of the block as it used to be, men, women, young boys, children as young as 11 or 12 got their heroin "fixes." One mother found her high-school age son dead, sitting up with a needle in his arm.

Fear of the junkies in the surrounding neighborhood still permeates all residents. One man who has lived on the block since 1947 says, "Twenty years ago I used to walk to Columbia University. I went up over the stairs on Morningside Park twice a day with no fear of being robbed or mugged. After living here all these years, I'm scared of 8th Avenue and the drifters who have come in, especially the addicts."

On the north side at least, the holes where narcotics were passed and addicts hid are now cleaned out.

Lighted and locked cellars and clean lighted hallways provide no places to hide.

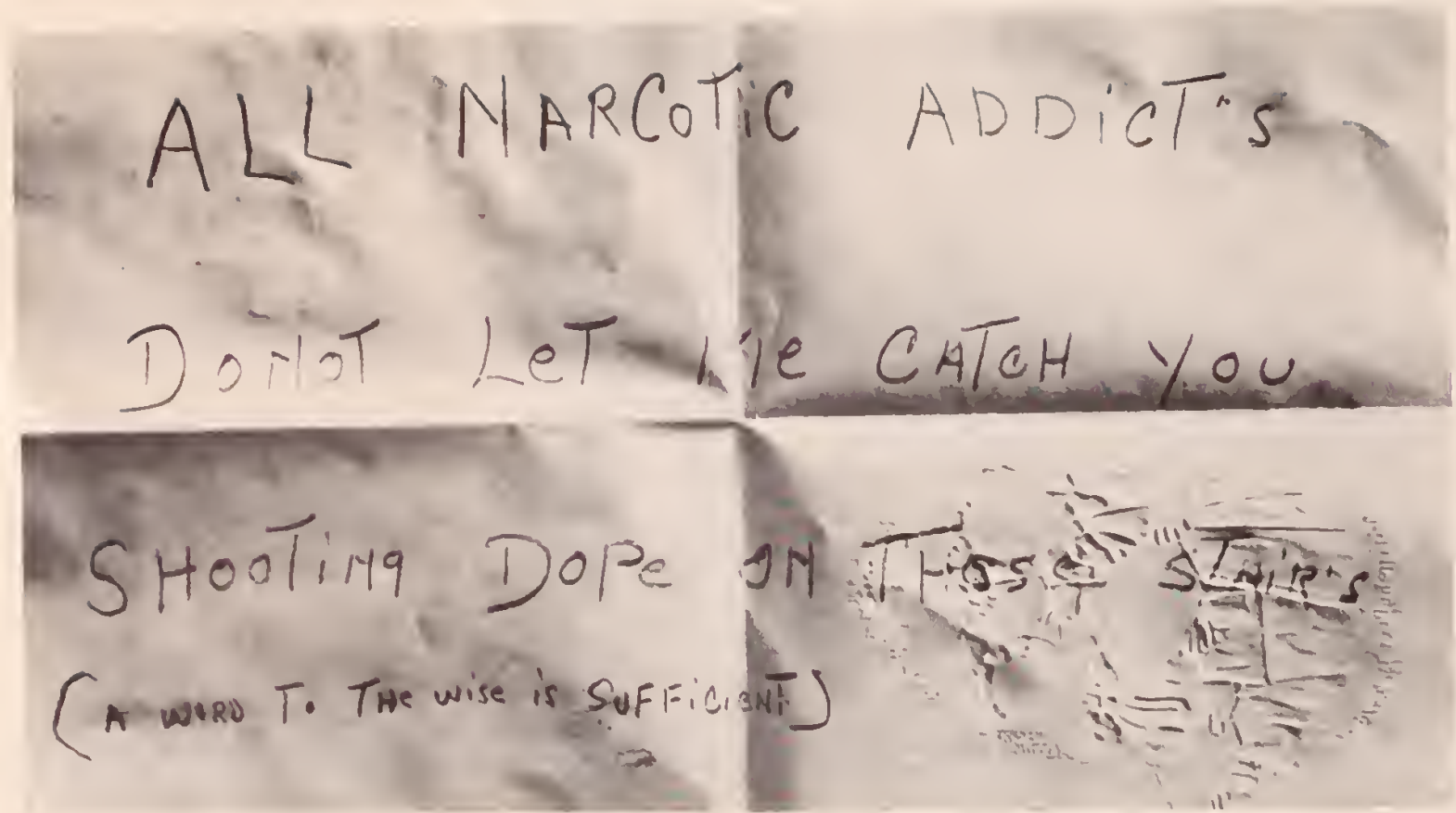
In the dark underworld of narcotics traffic, say block residents, the word seems to have spread that West 114th is no longer "open." Mrs. Mangum now feels safer about letting little Eric play on the sidewalk in front of No. 263 but her anxiety about letting the children roam several blocks away is not gone.

In Harlem you make it, or you lose. Alcohol is one escape route; the world is shut out, and the harsh edges of living are softened—so long as there's something still sloshing around at the bottom of the bottle. Too often, though, it's a long time between drinks, and all the dismal sights and dirt come rushing back worse than before. A drunk's not fit to work. To buy that special warmth to shut out the cold and harsh reality, it's beg, hustle, or even steal.





Booze is the old man's game, not for the young. The drunk offends their fastidious notions. H—heroin—is the way to leave Harlem behind, to become a man in seconds, and fly. But soon, the anvil's on their backs and these boy-men cluster on street corners, dull-eyed and sniffing, hopefully thinking up the next hustle for the next fix. Once in a while a street worker from the Urban League, such as George Howard (at right), will talk to them.



A Harlem mother's fears rise proportionately with the ages of her children. She knows that a one-way street beckons, a street that offers escape for the moment and a lifetime of servitude. So, a war of sorts is waged against "junk" and the junkies. Authorities make an effort to control this threat, but the world of not enough is shorthanded everywhere. Junkies, just like the winos, are near-lost causes. It's less a case for cure, more a search for prevention.

The word "junk" for narcotics, in the Harlemites' jargon, must derive from sources close to home. Can surroundings be so terrible that escape at any cost is imperative? Too many back alleys in Harlem reveal sights such as these; the Mangums will swear to that. Breeding grounds for rats, vermin, and disease, they also infect the heart and mind. There is apathy and indifference. The few garbage cans overflow, dumb-waiter shafts are blocked. Refuse rots outside apartment doors. Stairways and halls are dark or dimly lit—literally dangerous. So it's easier to just throw junk and garbage out the windows. Harlemites call it "airmail."



It takes only a glimpse to see that if the outside is rotten, then so it must be for the inside. Too many people in Harlem must live this way. For the Mangums, and a few others, the story is different.

What happens to a family's pride when its front door looks like this? Old entrances to the buildings on 114th Street set the scene for the dismal quarters above. More a part of the street than the building, shadowy vestibules behind unlocked doors harbored drunks and dope pushers and vagrants. Instead of providing protection for the families upstairs, building entrances invited the worst elements of the street inside. Entering and leaving their homes was at best unpleasant for residents. More often it was downright dangerous.



New York City architects Henry L. Horowitz and Wei-Foo Chun first inspected 114th Street on a hot July afternoon.

"The smell of the garbage rotting in the dumbwaiter shafts nearly knocked us out," Horowitz recalls. "We made up our minds then and there to concentrate on the essentials: sanitation, privacy, safety."

Harlem's garbage disposal problem is as closely related to the obsolete physical design of "old law" tenements as it is to careless tenants. The tenement houses were originally designed so that, at the superintendent's daily call, tenants placed their wrapped refuse on dumbwaiters opening out of every kitchen. In later years this system was discontinued. Tenants thereafter could either hand-carry their garbage down into dark and dangerous basements, climbing several steep flights of stairs on each return trip, or make the more expedient choice of chucking it out

the kitchen window or down the dumbwaiter shaft—they call it "air-mail." This practice is responsible for perhaps the greatest scourge of the slums—the innumerable rats that attack small children.

"Rats, they were terrible where I lived," Mrs. Mangum remembers with a shudder. "We cemented, and swept, and kept clean, but still they came in through the holes. One night, I heard my child, Marie, scream. She and the two little ones were bitten right in their beds. We got up and carried them to the hospital." The block's "airmail" garbage is gone—now that a garbage chute with access points on each floor has been installed.

Privacy in their renovated apartments is afforded tenants through a change in the basic layout. (See example of existing and new layouts.)

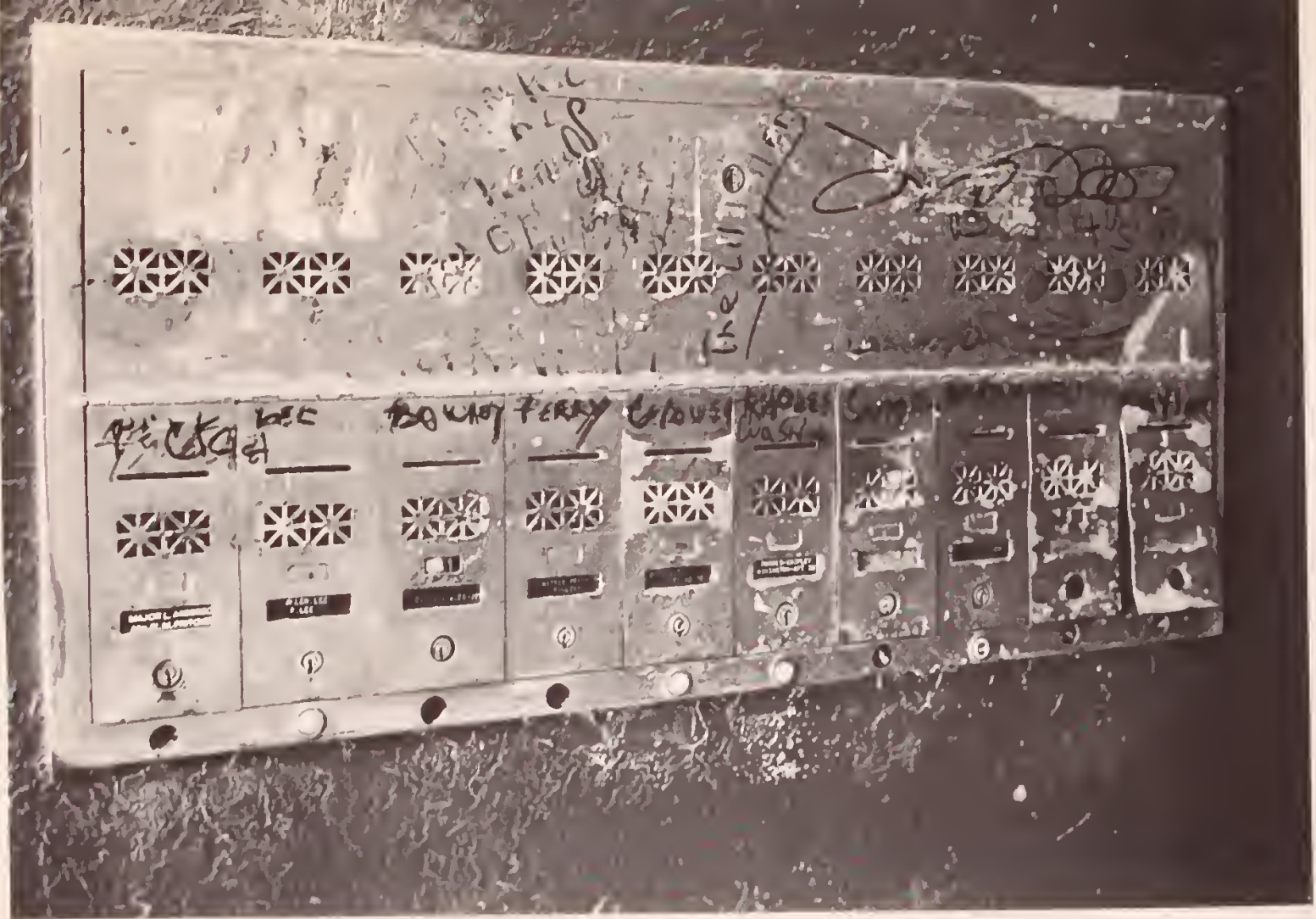
Features for improved livability, sanitation, and safety include a more natural and convenient circulation pattern, the replacement of old two-piece bathrooms without washbasins

how it was

by modern three-piece bathrooms, a convenient relation of bedrooms to bath, adequate closets, adequate kitchen cabinets, laminated plastic counter tops, and new stoves, sinks, and refrigerators. There are new interior walls, doors, closets, and windows in all apartments. There is also an electrical front-door lock and an intercom system for each building.

A modern electrical system, with outlets of sufficient number and capacity, now permits use of today's many electrical aids. It also reduces that ever-present danger in dilapidated buildings—fire.

The installation of new oil-fired boilers provides more stable and efficient heat, cuts down air pollution caused by smoke belching from inefficient, poorly maintained coal boilers, and eliminates dirty coal bins. A desirable byproduct is the freeing of basements for community activities.



Battered mailboxes are a hallmark of the slums. They reflect both the tenants' and landlord's neglect of the property. Because hallways are accessible to intruders, doorbells fall into disuse. Vandals force mailbox locks regularly and thieves remove precious checks.



It isn't easy to teach children to be clean and neat in a bathroom like this. Typical bathrooms on 114th street had no wash-basin, no medicine cabinet, no shower. As everywhere, wall and floor surfaces were damp and decayed—impossible to clean. Plumbing fixtures were worn out.

It is a bleak world to a child whose day begins and ends in a room like this. The family's few belongings were hung on nails or piled on shelves—closets were an unknown luxury. Most bedrooms could only be entered by passing through other bedrooms. All this is past for the Mangums, but for too many others this is still the rule.



The Mangums' kitchen used to look like this. Food, dishes, and pans stacked on open shelves were exposed to vermin and to crumbling paint and dust. Plumbing and electrical wiring were ancient. No amount of scrubbing could make the decaying walls clean.





THE EXPERIMENT **begins**

The change for the Mangums seemed slow in coming. The first building was dedicated in ceremonies on October 14, 1965. Soon workmen swarmed in, out, and around No. 263, knocking out old plaster, replacing old wiring, restoring pipes and fixtures, putting up new wall coverings and laying floors, and applying fresh, clean paint.

The experimental project began to take shape when:

■ The Frederick W. Richmond and Carol W. Haussamen Foundations formed a nonprofit corporation, the Community Improvement Corporation of Manhattan (CICOM), in 1964, to sponsor the rehabilitation of an entire Harlem block and to put up "seed money" to buy buildings and defray other initial costs.

■ The U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, also in 1964, gave a \$230,000 Low Income Housing Demonstration grant to the New York City Rent and Rehabilitation Administration to explore the factors affecting the rehabilitation of run-down housing for low-income families. One of the experimental sites was the 114th Street project.

■ HUD further assisted the project by insuring a mortgage for the total cost of the project, \$6,200,000.

■ The Harlem Savings Bank and the Manufacturer's Hanover Trust Co. provided construction funds.

CICOM selected the 114th Street block because the buildings, in addition to being available, were of essentially uniform design, soundly built, and suited for rehabilitation at reasonable cost. Besides, there were enough vacant apartments in these buildings to permit efficient rehabilitation without moving residents off their home block.

The architectural firm of Horowitz and Chun was engaged, and the HRH Construction Co. served as

general contractors for this experiment in large-scale tenement house rehabilitation.

During the planning period, local people were hired to interview all resident families. From the beginning the residents showed interest in rehabilitating their block.

Most families were willing to pay higher rents for better housing even though incomes were low—the median individual income was \$61 a week. Many households were meeting expenses by pooling the income of two or more persons—the median household income being \$90 per week.

It was estimated that two-thirds of the families would be able to pay the rent increases necessary to cover debt service on the mortgage, maintenance, repairs, replacement, and vacancy losses in the reclaimed tenements. The remaining one-third would need rent subsidies. Tenants who could not pay the increased rent were assisted through a \$150,000 rent-reduction grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity.

Rehabilitation of the first group of buildings began during the spring of 1965. The first families moved in that October. By the end of 1967, rehabilitation was completed on the north side of the block and construction was moving ahead on the second group of buildings on the south side.

During rehabilitation, CICOM makes repairs and provides maintenance needed to keep the unrestored buildings in habitable condition. Rents are not raised in the yet unrestored buildings. However, speak to any tenant in one of them and his first question is, "When do I move?"

Two years after the first 226 apartments were completed and occupied, the Rent and Rehabilitation Administration drew several conclusions regarding certain aspects of the experiment. According to its reports, the physical condition of the buildings, both inside individual apartments and in common areas, was excellent. The rent paying record was also good: 95 percent of the tenants were up to date. Of the 226 tenants, 56 percent were paying full rent. The rest were receiving rent subsidies; the median subsidy was \$27 a month.

Two other facts stand out. Tenancy on the block appears to be stabilized, and even during the initial construction period, when some people in the neighborhood were still skeptical about the renewal work, there was no vandalism.

The Block in 1964 — How It Got That Way

The experimental block, which contains a school and a small church, is located in Central Harlem. Its 37 five-story, walk-up buildings originally consisted of walk-through "railroad flats." They were laid out so that anyone—a child—would have to pass through bedrooms to get to the kitchen for a snack or to chat with brothers and sisters. They were desolate, dingy, and dark. The light for interior rooms came through narrow airshafts. The buildings extract from their sites practically every buildable inch—packed together with no space between and little space in front or back.

West 114th Street's "old law" tenements are typical of those built before New York City's Tenement House Act of 1901, which required that new structures provide greater privacy, sanitation, and safety. Some 43,000 of these old buildings still stand—they house nearly a million people

"A ghost town" is how a 114th Street resident describes the block's immediate western boundary, 8th Avenue. Boarded-up or heavily barred shops and liquor stores, and lounging, unemployed men give it its tone. The Mangums and other 114th Street parents are reluctant to let their children out to play any distance from home for fear of 8th Avenue's "influence" on them.

The block's eastern boundary, 7th Avenue, has a totally different character. It is made up of once-elegant elevator apartment houses. Some are tragically blighted now, and the formerly beautiful buildings are largely cut up into tiny living units.

The school at the 7th Avenue end of the north side of the experimental block is Wadleigh Junior High. There, generation after generation of immigrant children have learned the ways of a better land. Morningside Park lies several blocks to the west, toward Columbia University and the Hudson River. Southward, only four blocks off, Central Park begins its green sweep of 2½ miles through the heart of Manhattan.

The experimental block was born in the 1880's, Tenement No. 263 in 1884, to be precise, only 11 years after the City of New York annexed the Village of Harlem. The period was one when real estate speculative fever seized northern Manhattan and when the only direction in which the bustling post-Civil War seaport could grow was northward. Prior to this sudden and short real estate boom, Harlem had been considered the country retreat of aristocratic New Yorkers.

Unlike the formerly splendid apartment houses on 7th Avenue, erected to house an aspiring middle-class Jewish population, 114th

Street's tenements were never intended to be homes for the rich, or even the moderately well-to-do. Their original tenants were the mildly prospering "lace curtain" Irish families then escaping the notorious Hell's Kitchen area of the middle West Side. The first residents were local civil servants in the lower grades, especially policemen. The women were beauty parlor operators and domestics: maids, seamstresses, and laundresses.

A 1905 graduate of Wadleigh, later a teacher there, recalls that in the early days "rents were about \$15 a month. The apartments were very dark, but well kept. A janitor had an apartment in each basement. It hasn't been as nice since, until now. Five years ago I shunned the block. Now it's a pleasure to walk on it—garbage cans all lined up nice and neat. People seem to take pride again."

There are some important factors in the block's deterioration of which the residents are unaware. Between

1884 and 1966, No. 263 changed hands at least 21 times. In the early days, owners purchased it as a sound family investment. Later it was bought as a purely speculative venture as owners tried to milk it for its income. (This obscure history of No. 263, typical of the block, derives from an examination of the tax stamps issued on each ownership change.)

A few Negro families moved onto the block during the late 1920's, as the original Irish moved to homes of their own on Long Island or in New Jersey. The first nonwhite newcomers were mostly families who were bettering themselves by leaving dreadful hovels in nearby San Juan Hill (few were fresh from the rural South). The buildings were still well maintained; "supers" swept the sidewalks, mopped the halls, and collected trash daily.

Then the Depression hit. Most of Harlem went on relief. Deterioration

began. World War II came, and with it the great surge northward of families seeking high-paying jobs in the war industries. Soon this block of West 114th Street was all Negro.

By the early 1960's every observer, resident or outsider, agreed that 114th Street was a graveyard of forgotten housing. Years of abuse, neglect, and greed had left it a ghetto slum.



With its final coat of trim grey paint, 263 W. 114th Street is once again what it was originally built to be: a modest, comfortable home for decent families. The last finishing touches—shiny black paint on railings and a polished gleam on the glass front door—welcome the residents to a better way of living.







The Mangums are blessed with a better home—but meals will still be frugal, the paycheck won't go any farther. Yet in some way, the life of each member of the family holds promise of even better things to come.

A bright new kitchen is some inspiration to Charles and Marie, who share the family chores.

Charles uses the new garbage chute—no temptation to “air-mail” the trash to the street now.



AND NOW
how it is





It's natural for a little girl to be clean and pretty when she has a pleasant home. Desiree is especially delighted with the new washbasin in the bathroom. Mrs. Mangum says, "Seven children just couldn't stay neat when they had to take turns washing up at the old kitchen sink."



The Mangum children no longer dread coming upstairs through dark, smelly hallways. Outside doors to the building are always locked. Residents and visitors can call upstairs on the intercom system. A buzzer in the apartment releases the lock. Intruders are kept out and the family's safety is assured.



NOT ENOUGH money

Pride in their new home and neighborhood has stimulated James and Dorothy Mangum to look beyond their own narrow struggle for existence. But with this new awareness of their place in the community comes a sharper realization of their personal problems. How can we make a meager salary take care of our large family? How can we keep the children in school?

Unfortunately these problems couldn't be removed from their lives like the ancient kitchen sink and the broken windows of their old apartment. These problems are so serious for James and Dorothy Mangum that they will be heavily burdened until

their family is grown. Perhaps the burden will be easier to carry now that they glimpse the likelihood of a better life for their children.

"I get up at 4:30 every morning and am down at the Morgan Station [Post Office] by 6:00," says James Mangum. "I've been on the same job seven years. But my wife can't get that electric paid up. The little ones . . . we were aiming to get them some pants on Sunday, but my big boy had his toes sticking out and I had to buy shoes. Seven dollars they cost. I don't have a suit in my closet. Is that right?"

The harsh truth is that Mr. Mangum earns too little to support a nine-person family, even with his rent reduced by a subsidy from \$103 to \$73 a month. He is disappointed

that the rent couldn't be the \$50 he said he could afford when the prospect of rehabilitation was originally broached. For his old flat he paid \$38. He is philosophical about this "high-priced rent," however, because this "better apartment gets my children better respect for themselves." Mangum is employed by the Post Office as a label-machine operator, a semi-skilled, blue collar job. Every two weeks he cashes his check and brings home \$205. He and his wife sit down that afternoon and together "run the budget." They split up the money. She takes care of the rent, electricity, and food; he handles the "other." The "other" now is principally bills for furniture (living room chairs and

sofa, a bedroom set for Dorothy and James Mangum, and a dinette set) bought "to make things nice" when they first moved to the renovated No. 263. Their time payments won't be completed until the end of 1969. After working out the next two weeks' expenditures, they send daughter Marie on two separate trips to the post office for money orders to pay, first, "her" bills, then "mine."

Recently after such a budget session, they had \$10 left. This had to cover subway fares, school lunches for Marie, quarters for the launderette, bread and milk, and any emergencies.

Being used to so little so long, probably neither Mr. Mangum nor his wife fully realizes the immense gap between their income and their needs. More sophisticated was the research work at the Community Council of Greater New York where the Mangum's budgetary problems were discussed. The CCGNY periodically prepares a Family Budget Standard—a measure of the cost of

living in New York City for a self-supporting family. It is based on scientific knowledge of average requirements for well-being, and on actual price levels. The standard is widely used by the public and private agencies of the city.

"Figure it out," the professional budgeter says. "They have about \$5,000 a year. It's shocking." She calculated a model budget for the Mangum family based on the latest CCGNY standard. (See page 59) "They should have about double that amount. How do they do it?"

How? By economics like these: They have neither enough lamps for every room nor enough light bulbs for the ones they do have. As the children undress at night a single lamp is moved from bedroom to bedroom. All study together under one lamp at the dinette table. They no longer have a telephone. They own no car. They buy no books, few magazines, only a daily newspaper. They are, however, the proud possessors of two encyclopedias (purchased from a visiting salesman). "We use them, especially Marie, to settle questions," is all Mrs. Mangum says when asked why they bought those expensive books.

When James Mangum boards the subway to go to work, he enjoys his only luxury—a morning newspaper.





Stretching James Mangum's take-home pay of \$205 every two weeks to cover the needs of a family of nine is a discouraging task. Seldom is there more than \$10 left after bills are paid to cover subway fares, school lunches, quarters for the launderette, bread, milk, and "emergencies."

How does a mother keep seven children tidy and clean on a hundred dollars a week? Mostly she just works harder. With no money to buy several outfits of clothes, Dorothy Mangum must wash the children's clothes each night and press them in the morning so they can be worn to school again.



Spending *money* on recreation is unheard of—TV takes the place of books, concerts, movies, trips. For any other recreation the Mangums depend totally upon whatever public and private agencies offer. Once, six years ago, they did go to an upstate park. No one recalls its name. "We fished," says James Mangum, "only Marie caught one."

Shortly after the rehabilitation project started, Mrs. Mangum got "fighting mad" at what she considered an injustice. A local service organization, with which the Rent and Rehabilitation Administration had been cooperating, had scheduled a day's outing to a public park but left out the 114th Street children—she thinks perhaps because of inter-agency bickering. "I went right up there," she reports. "They were at a meeting. I told them to come out. I told them that's grown-up talk; I don't think these children on 114th should suffer. I told them those buses won't move unless the 114th children are on them." She's a good organizer.

Why doesn't she get into more things now? "I did my part," she replies. "My mother taught us to clean up our own house first, and when I was finished with mine I had no time to clean for others. But for the children I will." Encouraging homebound, capable women like Mrs. Mangum to participate in the outside world is one of the rehabilitation experiment's valuable byproducts. It is believed that traits developed through such experiences help 114th Street's mothers to bring up children capable of handling themselves in a competitive society. Individual achievement and service through participation in group activities may increase self-confidence and reduce feelings of apathy, pessimism, and failure.



The world outside comes to the Mangum children largely through television. Otherwise recreation is limited to quiet games in the apartment and brief trips to school, to shop, or to the doctor's office—always accompanied by their mother. Dorothy Mangum knows that Harlem sidewalks are no longer safe places for her children to play. She has no money for travel to play areas in better neighborhoods, or the movies, or beaches, or just sight-seeing around the city.



Ghetto living is expensive. Chain supermarkets often do not operate stores in slum areas—profits are low and risks are too high, they say. So Dorothy Mangum, along with other neighbors who can't afford cars, must shop in the corner groceries, where prices may be higher than in supermarkets and quality and selection limited.

With no washer or dryer at home, Dorothy Mangum must find time each day for a tedious visit to the laundromat to meet her family's constant demand for clean clothing. A chat with friends helps pass the waiting period.

Dorothy Mangum's skill with barber's shears and clippers saves squeezing another \$10 each month from the paycheck for haircuts for her husband and three boys.





education

THE WAY UP

How do the Mangums feel about education?

"Where I was raised, I couldn't get no good education," Mrs. Mangum says. "I was 16 when I came up here. I wasn't able to go to night school. My home was a broken-up one. My children's got a chance."

Small wonder that tasks associated with school eat up so much of the Mangum parents' time and energy: getting the children off on time in the morning; visiting teachers on school conference days; seeing to it that homework gets done properly (right after school daily); that the children have sufficient rest and look neat and clean; and that they obey and are polite to their elders. The parents agree that one reason behind their desire for a better apartment was the thought that a clean and

livable home would be a springboard to school success.

The educational services already operating or being planned are aimed at backing up and supporting parents like the Mangums.

Educational programs include a preschool group. There, young children learn to get along with others and are exposed to a variety of learning experiences before they even enter school. Tutorial groups help elementary and junior high school pupils who are falling behind. High school and basic literacy courses for adults and high school dropouts, many of whom shy away from a formal public school adult education course, will be set up as part of the total rehabilitation.

The Mangums know that a high school diploma is the key to the door leading out of the slums. Marie Mangum is lucky to come from a home that stresses success in school.



“Why are you skipping? You didn’t do this one.” James learns he can’t get careless homework past his father.

Keeping up with seven children’s problems and progress in four different schools demands much from a conscientious mother. Here, Mrs. Mangum talks with Desiree’s kindergarten teacher.





Marie's report card, good, not perfect, displeases her parents:

Mr. M: "I want to see better next time."

Marie: "I didn't understand her here."

Mr. M: "You got a mouth. Ask. Say why you didn't understand. Ask two times."

Mrs. M: "You were late two days. Why?"

Marie discusses the day's happenings with her mother over an after-school snack. She is a good student, and understands why her parents demand good grades in school. Discipline in the Mangum family is strict, but the children respond to it.





Attending a block meeting where the new Medicaid program was explained, Dorothy Mangum signed up for the family. At least two of her children have an incurable eye disease. There is no money in the Mangum budget for doctors or glasses.

health services

A NEED FOR ALL

One of the block's oldest and most articulate residents doesn't like what's been done to the *buildings* on the block. She was moved from a "spacious" front-to-rear flat to an apartment "no bigger than that . . . everything crammed together." Even so, she's happy that now "we can get enough together to take our gripes to . . . Someone who can listen to that Negro in Harlem."

She is one of 114th Street's most active citizens. Employed part time as a block aide to supplement her tiny social security check, she is one of 10 residents trained to explain New York's new Federal-State-local tax-supported Medical Assistance for

Needy Persons (Medicaid) program. As a result of the campaign, some 47 percent of the block families, including the Mangums, signed up. The Mangum family is very glad it did. For them, poor vision is a serious health problem. With Medicaid, they can now obtain eyeglasses free of charge, in addition to many other hospital care and home health and treatment services.

Mrs. Mangum is glad for another reason. Before Medicaid, she took Bruce to a clinic where she was told glasses would do him no good, even though he has difficulty making out the smaller print in his school books. When Medicaid came in, she was advised to take him to the Mt. Sinai Hospital outpatient clinic. Since then, she says, "I've been running down there just about every week with Bruce and Eric."

Bruce, Eric, and perhaps others of the children have an incurable, but nonprogressive, eye disease that classes them among the legally blind. The new doctor has told their mother that she wants to see all the Mangum children. The doctor believes that contact lenses might give them enough added vision to enable them to do better work in school.

Many block residents have health problems because of their living conditions. People who live in poorly heated and ventilated rooms get respiratory diseases more easily. Inadequate and broken plumbing makes it harder to keep a place clean and helps to pass disease around a family. When food is improperly stored,



it spoils. Uncollected garbage attracts flies, roaches, rats. Poorly lighted and unstable stairs, poor electrical connections, overloaded circuits, crowded or inadequate kitchens contribute to home accidents.

The Rent and Rehabilitation Administration's interviews with tenants prior to rehabilitation support those statements. On the block there was, and is, much chronic illness—diabetes, heart conditions, and asthma. Dental care is grossly neglected. Unlike Mrs. Mangum, many needy residents fail to take preventive health measures. They visit the public clinics and hospitals only in emergencies. Many have never had a routine physical examination or a TB test. Some do not know such health services exist; others are simply careless about health matters generally.

Exhausted, Mrs. Mangum waits with Bruce to see doctor at outpatient clinic. She has been waiting, two boys in tow, for four hours. Such long delays at Harlem's overcrowded medical clinics deter less conscientious (or working) mothers from seeing that children get needed medical attention.

Eric's vision is so poor he is classed as legally blind. But now that the family can get medical care through Medicaid, Mrs. Mangum hopes he can be fitted with contact lenses to give him enough added vision to do his school work.





THE spirit RESTORED

From the start, the experiment's backers—city and Federal officials, the sponsors, the contractor, the architects—saw the main purpose of the experiment to be rehabilitating human beings trapped within the debilitating walls of the ghetto. They believe a decent, livable apartment in a well-kept building on a slum street undergoing upward change can establish a base for a decent family and social life. It does not guarantee it.

The focus on 114th Street, therefore, is on the people who live there—on what they need and want. To carry out this philosophy, a number of mechanisms are being used.

High on the list is involvement—involvement of the wider community and especially involvement of

the residents themselves in their own effort for a better life.

The 114th Street Block Council decided that the Urban League of New York, through its project ENABLE (Education and Neighborhood Action for Better Living Effort), an activity financed by the Office of Economic Opportunity, could help residents get better jobs or training, and to overcome the limiting effects of living in a ghetto community. Project ENABLE is now on the block, occupying a vacant apartment on the south side, to help with a wide variety of problems.

**“The most important thing that has happened on 114th Street is that the residents are talking to each other”—
Secretary Robert C. Weaver.**

A grim reality for these people (and for so many others in Central Harlem) is lack of jobs. Therefore, all groups connected with the project are making concerted efforts to employ block residents in the social and economic phases of rehabilitation.

Among the workers on the construction job, 60 percent are Negro. The HRH Construction Company places special emphasis on involving Negro businessmen. It hired a well-known Negro rehabilitation expert as consultant on the first three buildings. Negro firms in the following trades received subcontracts: electrical work; masonry, lathing, plastering, and dry wall; paint; and appliances (stoves and refrigerators). As a result of these contracts, employees of three of the Negro subcontractors became members of one or another of four different trade unions.

A resident of the block with previous real estate management experience is resident manager. Superintendents already on the block were retained. As additional superintendents and handymen are needed, first recruiting is done on the block.

A 114th Street resident is full-time maintenance chief. Young men from the block were employed to clean up the basements and backyards. The CICOM payroll going to residents amounts to \$3,000 a month.

The initial interviews held with all 114th Street residents to find out their interest in rehabilitation were conducted by block residents recruited, trained, and paid by RRA. These interviews uncovered many problems—health, family, economic, social adjustment.

Individuals whose lives were previously bound by the four walls of a rundown apartment are now taking an active part in community affairs—and they like the change. Mrs. Mangum says, “I like it better now. The people are learning to face facts.”

A side effect of tenant organization, anticipated and half-welcomed by the project’s backers, is that the residents of 114th Street are becoming increasing self-assertive. They are making “demands” on CICOM, on RRA, and the Federal Government to correct conditions which would have been accepted as better than normal two years ago.

Mrs. Mangum meets with the 114th Street mothers’ discussion group and Urban League social worker Naomi Meyers (left). The group is discussing block parents’ No. 1 concern: “How do you get your children to say ‘no’ to the pusher who hangs around the schools?”

“Teach ‘em to face the world wide open,” says one mother. “Self-respect, that’s it. Show ‘em you’ve got to work for a living. You don’t take nothing from nobody—no candy, no dope. You got to teach them to be a strong person.”

Mrs. Mangum agrees.



PREVENTION—In basement space where winos and addicts used to lurk, the block's 6-to-12-year-olds are catching up in basic school skills. A resident of the block serves as tutor.





CURE—At Street Academy, the neighborhood's former high school dropouts study Negro history, one phase of an intensive remedial program aimed at giving Harlem youth a sense of self-worth and pride in identity.

"On the south side," the resident manager says," the people are waking up. They're making sure we keep these hallways clean. If we don't, they're writing to Washington about it."

While such demands, of course, accentuate the experiment's problems, both the sponsor and the RRA realize they reflect social growth.

"The place isn't all peaches and cream," adds another resident at a block council meeting. "The walls are crackling, and the rents are too high. I want it investigated."

There seems to be little doubt in most residents' minds, however, that the project sponsors, Washington, City Hall, and the rest, are making honest efforts to do their best by

them. If the residents want more, it's because they're beginning to participate in the larger context of American life. This, observers of the experiment feel, is as it should be.

The Mangums' response to the rehabilitation project has been the typical response of any American family when it is offered an opportunity to solve its problems. People are quick to take advantage of help. They are equally quick to devise ways to help themselves. And by becoming involved with their neighbors' efforts, they are taking the first steps toward helping others.

If, as rehabilitation proceeds, their neighbors follow the Mangums' lead and learn to make decisions about their neighborhood and to take effective action to improve it, it will cease to be a slum and a ghetto—it will be a community.

The experiment that is altering the way of life of the Mangums and

their neighbors was undertaken to help supply answers to several knotty questions. Can victims of the slums be helped to improve their economic condition along with their housing? Do residents of the slums really want to stay in their neighborhoods with their familiar stoops and shops and churches and sidewalks or is this a sentimental middle-class assumption? Do tenants want to remain in their homes, with basic physical improvements, but at increased rent?

The answer to all these questions is a tentative but inconclusive "yes." What eventually happens to the Mangums and their neighbors, however, could prove to be a creative venture in new approaches to public policy adjusted to man's needs and values. The 114th Street experiment is one to be watched.





MODEL WEEKLY BUDGET FOR THE JAMES MANGUM FAMILY ^a

Prepared and Recommended by the Budget Standard
Service, Community Council of Greater New York

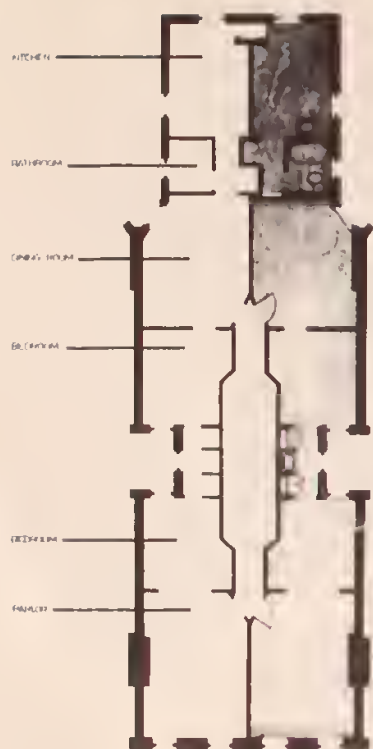
ITEM	AMOUNT	TOTALS
Food		<u>\$80.45</u>
Food at home.....	\$74.75	
Vitamin supplement	^b .20	
Lunches at work.....	5.50	
Housing		<u>37.35</u>
Rent and heat.....	21.60	
Utilities	^c 2.95	
Housefurnishings.....	7.90	
Household supplies ..	1.30	
Laundry service.....	3.60	
Clothing and upkeep ..		<u>24.30</u>
Personal care ...		<u>5.40</u>
Medical care		<u>11.95</u>
Transportation (carless family)....		<u>7.40</u>
To work.....	4.00	
Other	3.40	
Other goods and services		<u>28.40</u>
Reading material, recreation, tobac- co, education, sta- tionery supplies.....	17.50	
Telephone	1.50	
Life insurance.....	3.15	
Union dues.....	.90	
Gifts, contributions, miscellaneous	5.70	
Total, all goods and services		<u>^d 195.25</u>

^a Family composition is: Man, employed; housewife; girls 14, 8, 5;
boys 12, 11, 10, 9.

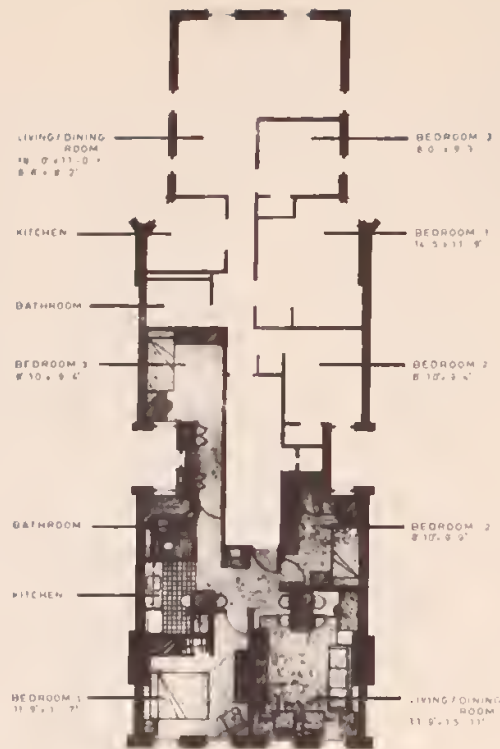
^b Allotted for children under six.

^c Gas, \$0.95; electricity, \$2.

^d Budget does not delineate such additional costs as FICA and dis-
ability insurance and city, State, and Federal income taxes.



EXISTING



NEW

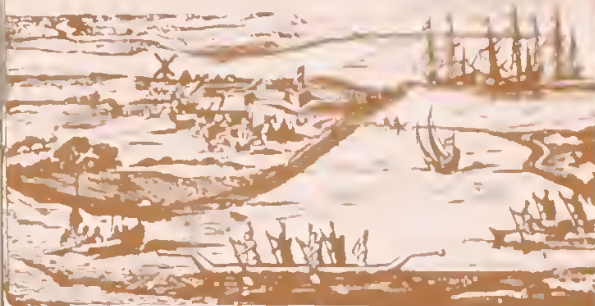
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